

Handwritten signature

CANADA,

— BY —

J. C. PETTES,



PETTES MEMORIAL HALL,

KNOWLTON, *Recd by* JUNE 14, 1900.

Complements of
J. C. Pettes
Knowlton
Bc

House?
Mon

580 HB

CANADA,

— BY —

J. C. PETTES,

PETTES MEMORIAL HALL,

KNOWLTON, JUNE 14, 1900.

Read in Pettes Memorial Hall, at an entertainment given in welcoming the President and Officers of the Sun Life Insurance Co. on their visit to Knowlton.

“CANADA.”

This Canada is ours !

From Columbia's rock bound shore,
List we to Pacific's ocean roar.
By steam and rail, eastward go,
Bounding o'er hills, of frost and snow ;
Or through canyons deep, away,
To the golden fields of Kootenay.
Or perchance, to the north we'll hie,
Where golden dust, in frozen gullies lie,
'Tis not a land of sun and song ;
But the far far famed, Yukon !
The Rockies, with their lofty crest,
In snowy white, are always drest,
Some peaks, are marked for fame,
And distinguished, by a name ;
One rugged cliff, not highest even,
We hail, as Lord Mount Stephen.
Not far away, Banff, gushing spring,
Waters hot, to the surface bring ;
To her cozy mountain nest,
Come, bathe and take a rest !
She a healthy note doth sing,
Inviting to her healing spring.
Here recuperate on nature's plan,
Sick or weary, as best you can,
Travelers, weary or depressed,
Where air is pure, can surely rest.

From thence, to the eyes a lovely feast,
As o'er the land, we travel east,
Where roamed the buffalo, once with pride,
O'er pampas, fertile, long and wide ;
Masters of the grassy plains,
Now fruitful fields of golden grains.
Health, gushing through every vein,
We bound away to east again,
And for a time, will tarry,
At Winnipeg, once Fort Garry ;
Here mem'ry sad, brings us to the spot,
Where rest the bones of Thos. Scott,
Who fell, by the assassins steel,
Fouly murdered by Louis Riel,
Though many years, had gone and past,
The hangman's rope, caught him at last.
We'll let this bit of savage history rest,
And leave this city of the west,
To the south and eastward go,
As the lakes and rivers flow,
O'er rocks and rapids swiftly pour
Till they reach Niagara's rock-bound shore,
Where the sun cherished bow, will ever show,
As with thunder, dash her waters deep below.
Through the St. Lawrence, swiftly glide,
Laving islands green, on every side.
Rush on, o'er rocks and rapids wide,
To meet the sea, Atlantic's tide.
Still onward, through the gulf below,
Where Atlantic's tides, rise and flow
In tidal waves, o'er marsh and shoal,
In endless waves, a daily roll.

PART II.

From Canada's western shore,
Valleys through and mountains o'er,
Amid fields of waving grain,
Clustering fruit from hill and plain,
Hidden wealth in mines of gold,
Many a treasure 'twill yet unfold :
Fields and forests wide and green,
And silvery lakes oft intervene.
Blessed with sun and April showers,
Makes grand, this Canada of ours.

Sailing down the grand old stream,
Quebec's Citadel is plainly seen.
A monument there stands to tell,
Where brave Wolf, nobly fought and fell.
Our country now is wide and free,
That day's deeds, brought us liberty.

One little thing I quite forgot
Which verily adds to our happy lot,
How September 1759,
History notes it as the time,
Brave Wolf, with energy and skill
Ascended Abraham's heights, that little hill,
There made a stand to meet the fray,
With valor fought and won the day,
When there his monument we see,
Proudly give we thanks for liberty.

Like rivers, lakes and ocean's tide,
Many nationalities here reside,
Neighbors from many a land,
On Canadian soil, equal stand.
Scots and Swedes and more perchance,
Many a one from sunny France,
All under one governmental head,
Oft by crafty statesmen led.
Noted politicians, we've no doubt a few,
Some are rouge, some are bleu,
Each anxious for their Country's good
And for office prate as good men should,
Each promise well ther's not a doubt ;
But when one is in, the other's out.
Doctors and lawyers, count we by the score,
And old McGill is yearly making more.
To Canadians, 'Bob' gives a meed of praise,
For the sterling men Our Country raise,
Soldiers valiant, none better seen,
On Africa's soil, fighting for their Queen.

In architecture, art and skill,
From a cottage, to a church or mill,
Iron bridges built to stay,
Like Montreal's grand Victoria.
Steel clad steamers, large and fine,
Of home and foreign line,
O'er ocean's wave, rise and fall,
And often wharfed at Montreal.

Canada, with all her faults,
Is ne'er a blot, on the world's broad stage,
Her mountains, lakes and rivers,
True to nature, as a pictured page.

This vast Canada, Lady of the snows,
Can boast of many a daring, noble son,
Who bright medals, soon will wear,
When Africa's war, is o'er and done.

England, can boast her mottled fields,
Canada, her forests bright and green,
And statesmen, should ever wield,
A standard bright and clean.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores,
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm, so beautiful and fair ;
Nor breathes the scent of a purer air.—
There is a spot on earth supremely blest,
One dearer spot than all the rest,
Where woman reigns ; mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers, the narrow path of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;
Around her, domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures, gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot be found ;
For it, search and look around ;
And thou shalt find, however thy footsteps roam,
That land is CANADA, that spot is HOME.





